THE

Sun's-Darling:

A Moral Maſque;

As it hath been often preſented at *Whitehall* by their Majeſties Servants; and often at the Cock-pit in *Drury Lane*, with great Applauſe.

Written by { *Mr. Ford* and *The Dacter* } *Gent.*



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Written by { *John Foard* and *Tho. Decker* } Gent.



LONDON,
Printed by *J. Bell*, for *Andrew Penneycuicke*,
Anno Dom. 1656.

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To the Right Honorable

THOMAS WRIATHESLEY,

Earle of *Southampton*, Lord

WRIATHSLEY, of *Tichfield*, &c.

MY LORD!

HErodotus Reports that the Ægyptians by Wrapping their Dead in Glasse, presents them lively to all Posterity; But your Lordship will do more; by the Vivifying beames of your Acceptation, Revive the parents of this Orphan Poem, and make them live to Eternity. While the Stage florisht, the POEM liv'd by the breath of Generall Applauses, and the Virtuall Fervor of the Court; But since hath lan-

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guisht for want of heate, and now neere shrunk up with Cold, creepes (with a shivering feare) to Extend it selse at the Flames of your Benignity. My Lord, though it seems Rough and Forlorn, It is the jssue of Worthy parents, and we doubt not, but you will find it accomplisht with their Vertue. Be pleased then (my Lord) to give it entertainement, the more Destitute and neeay it is, the Greater Reward may be Challenged by your Charity; and so being shelter'd under your Wings, and Comforted by the Sun-shine of your Favoure, it will become Proofe against the Injustice of Time, and like one of Demetrius *statues appeare fresher and fresher to all Ages. My Lord, were we not Confident of the Excellence of the Peece, wee should not dare to Assume an impudence to preferr it to a Person of your* HONOR, *and* KNOWN JUDGMENT; *whose* HEARTS *are ready* SACRIFICES, *to your* NAME *and* HONOR, *Being my Lord.*

Your Lordships most humble, and most Obligedly, Submissive Servants,

Theophilus Bird.

Andrew Penneycuicke.

Upon the SUN's DARLING.

IS he then found? *Phœbus* make holliday;
Tye up thy Steeds; And let the *Cyclops* Play;
Mulceber leave thy Anvile, and be trim;
Combe thy black Muzle, be no longer Grim;
Mercury be quick, with mirth furnish the heavens,
Jove, this day let all run at six and seavens;
And *Ganimede* be nimble, to the Brim
Fill Boules of *Nectar*, that the Gods may swim,
To solemnize their healths that did discover
The oscure being of the *Suns* fon'd lover.
That from the Example of their liberall mirth
We may enjoy like freedome upon Earth.

John Tatham.

READER.

IT is not here intended to present thee with the perfect Analogy betwixt the World and man, which was made for Man; Nor their Co-existance, the World determining with Man: this I presume hath bin by others Treated on, But drawing the Curtain of this Mor all you shall finde him in his progression as followeth.

The first Season.

PResents him in the Twy-lights of his age.
Not Pot-gun-proofe, and, yet hee'l have his page:
This smale Knight-Errant will encounter things
Above his pearch, and like the partridge Springs.

The

The second Season.

FOlly, his Squire, the Lady Humor brings,
Who in his eare farr sweeter Novells sings.
He follows them; forsakes the Aprill Queene,
And now the Noone-tide of his age is seene.

The third Season.

AS soone as *Nerv'd* with strength, he becoms *Weake*,
Folly and *Humor*, doth his reason breake;
Hurries him from his Noone-tide to his even;
From *Summer* to his *Autumne* he is driven.

The fourth Season.

ANd now the *Winter*, or his nonage takes him:
The sad remembrance of his errours wakes him;
Folly and *Humour*, Faine hee'd cast away,
But they will never leave him, till hee's *Clay*.
Thus from a Clay *Descends*, *Ascends* in spirit;
Dust, goes to dust, The soule unto It's Merit.

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READER.

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The

The Names of the Persons.

Phœbus the Sun,
Raybright the suns Dar-
Lady Spring.
Youth,
Delight,
Health.
Summer.
Plenty.
Pomona.
Cupid.
Fortune.
Autumne.
Bacchanalian.
Bounty.

Winter.
Conceit.
ling *Detraction*
Time.
Priest of the Sun.
Folly.
A Souldier.
A Spanyard.
An Italian Dancer.
A French Taylor.
A Forrester.
Boors.
Maskers.
3 *Clowns.*

THE Sun's-Darling.

ACT. I.

An Altar.

Enter the Priest *of the* Sun.

Ray bright *discovered sleeping.*

Pr. LEt your tunes, you sweet-voic'd spears, overtake him:
Charm his fancies, ope his ears, begin.
now awake him.

SONG.

Fancies are but streams
of vain pleasure:
They who by their dreams
true joies measure;
Feasting, starve; laughing, weep;
playing smart, whilst in sleep
fools with shadows smiling,

wake and and finde
hopes like winde,
Idle hopes beguiling.
Thoughts flie away, Time hath past 'em
Wake now, awake, see and taste 'em.

Ray. That I might ever slumber, and enjoy
Contents as happie as the soul's best wishes
Can fancie or imagine, 'tis a cruelty
Beyond example, to usurp the peace
I sate inthron'd in, who was't pluck'd mee from it.

Pr. Young man look hither.

Ray. Good; I envie not
The pomp of your high office; all preferment
Of earthly glories are to me diseases,
Infecting those sound parts which should preserve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness;
The times are better to me, there's no taste
Left on the pallate of my discontent
To catch at emptie hopes, whose onely blessedness
Depends on being miserable.

Pr. Raybright!
Thou drawst thy great descent from my grand patron the Sun;
whose priest I am.

Ray. For small advantage;
Hee who is high-born never mounts yon battlemen
Of sparkling stars, unless I bee in spirit
As humble as the childe of one that sweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

Pr. Hast thou not flow'd in honors?

Ray. Honors, I'de not bee baited with my fears
Of loosing em, to bee their monstrous creature
An age together, 'tis beside as comfortable
To die upon the embroidrie of the grass,
Unwinded, as to see a world at gaze,
Whilst from a pinacle I tumble down
And break my neck, to bee talk'd of, and wonder'd at.

Pr. You have worn rich habits.
Fine Ass-trappings.
A Pedler's heir turn'd gallant, follows fashion.

Can

Can by a croſs-legg'd Tailor bee transform'd
Into a Jack a napes of paſſing bravery:
'Tis a ſtout hapineſs to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool ——— mew.

Pr. You have had choice
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.

Ray. Monkyes and Parakeetoes are as prettie
To play withall, tho not indeed ſo gentle.
Honeſtie's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where it grows is hard to bee diſcovered, troath ſir,
I care for no long travels with loſt labor.

Pr. Pleaſures of every ſence have been your ſervants,
When as y'ave commanded them.

Ray. To threaten ruine,
Corrupt the puritie of knowledg, wreſt
Deſires of better life, to thoſe of theſe
This ſcurvie one, this life ſcarce worth the keeping.

Pr. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence
To your own dull'd affections ſway your judgment,
You could not elſe bee thus loſt, or ſuſpect
The care your anceſtor the Sun takes of yee.

Ray. The care, the ſcorn hee throws on mee.

Pr. Fie, fie;
Have you been ſent out into ſtrange lands,
Seen Courts of forreign Kings, by them been grac'd,
To bring home ſuch neglect.

Ray. I have reaſon for't.

Pr. Pray ſhew it.

Ray. Since my coming home I have found
More ſweets in one unprofitable dream,
Then in my lives whole pilgrimage.

Pr. Your fantaſie
Miſleads your judgment vainly, ſir in brief
I am to tell you, how I have receiv'd
From your Progenitor, my Lord, the Sun,
A token, that he viſibly will deſcend
From the celeſtial orbe to gratifie
all your wilde longings.

Ray. Very likely, when pray ye

The world the whiles shall be beholding to him
For a long night, new married men will curse,
Tho their brides tickle for't, oh Candle and Lanthorn
Will grow to an excessive rate i'th Citie.

Pr. These are but flashes of a brain disordered,
Contein your float of spleen in seemly bounds,
Your eies shall bee your witness.

Ray. Hee may come.

Enter Time *with a whip, whipping* Follie *before him.*

Tim. Hence, hence, thou shame of nature, mankinde foil:
Time whippes thee from the world, kicks thee, and scorns thee.

Fol. Whip me from the world, why whipt am I a dog, a cur, a mungrel; baw waw. Do thy worst, I defie thee.

Sings. *I will rore and roare,*
Caper, and be drunk too;
Fight against my Plunder,
Keep my Horse, and Punck too;
Brawl and scuffle,
Swear and shuffle,
Swagger in my Furniture;
Dammee rank with,
do mad prancks with
Roaring boies and carmen.

For a time, I care not,
being past 'tis nothing;
I le live fair and feare not,
Sorrows are lives hanging;
melancholy
is but folly,
Mirth and pinch are plutoes.
Time go hang thee,
I will hang thee,
Though I die in cotters.

And what think you of this, you old doting moth-eaten bearded rascal; as I am Follie by the mothers side, and a true-bred Gentleman, I will sing thee to death, if thou eat mee; Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on now and then his working

working-day robes of humility, but he must presently be subject to a Beadles rod of Correction; goe mend thy selfe Caniball, 'tis not without need, I am sure the Times were never more beggerly and proud, waiting-women flant it in Cast-suits, and their Ladies fall for em; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fooles: Pitifull Time! pitifull Time!

Ty. Out foul, prodigious, and abortive birth,
Behold the sand-glasse of thy dayes is broke

Fol. Bring me another, I'le shattter that too.

Ty. No; th'ast mispent thy hours, lavish fool, like
The circuit of thy life, in ceaselesse riots
It is not therefore fit that thou shouldst live
In such a Court as the Sunnes Majesty
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beames.

Fol. In any Court, father bald-pate, where my granam the Moon shews her hornes, except the Consistory Court, and there she need not appeare; Cuckolds Carry such sharp Stelettoes in their fore-heads, I'le live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, mauger thy scurvie and abhominable beard.

Ty. Priest of the Sunne 'tis neere about the minute,
thy Patron will descend, scourge hence this trifle;
Time is ne're lost, till in the common Schools
Of impudence, time meets with wilfull fooles. *Exit.*

Fol. Farewell 1538, I might have said five thousand, but the others long enough a Concience to be honest Condition'd, pox on him; it's a notable railing whipper, of a plain Time whipper.

Pro. You heard the charge he left.

Fol. I, I, a may give a charge, a has been a petty Court-holder ever since he was a minute old, he tooke you for a fore-man of a Jurie

Ray. Pray sir, what are you?

Fol. Noe matter what, what are you?

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates,
I am grand child to the Sun.

Fol. And I am Cosen german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

Ray. Folly, sir of what quality?

Fol. Quality; any quality in fashion: Drinking, Whoring, Singing, Dancing, Dicing, Swearing, Roring, Spitting, Lying, Cogging,

Cogging, Canting, *&cetera*, will you have any more.

Ray. you have a merry heart, if you can guid it.

Fol. Yes faith; so, so, I laugh not at those whome I feare, I fear not those whom I love, and I love not any whom I laugh not at, pretty strange humor, is't not?

Ray. To any one that knowes you not, it is.

Pre. You must a void. *Enter Recorders.*

Fol. Away away, I have no such meaning indeed-la.

Pre. Hark the faire hour is com, draw to the Alter,
And with a mazement, reverence, and comfort
Behold the broad ey'd lamp of heaven descending, —— Stand ——
The Sunne above.

Fol. Oh brave!

Pre. Stand.

SONG.

Glorious and bright, loe here we bend
Before thy throne, trembling, attend
Thy sacred pleasures, be pleased then
To shower thy comforts downe, that men
May freely taste in lifes extreams
The influence of thy powerfull dreams.

Ray. Let not my fate too swiftly runne,
Till thou acknowledge me thy sunne.
Oh theres no joy even from the wombe,
Of frailty: till we be called home.

Fol. Now am I an arrant rascall, and cannot speak one word for my selfe, if I were hang'd.

Sun. Ray-bright.

Pre. It calles yee, answer.

Ray. Lord and Father.

Sun. We know thy cares, appear to give release,
Boldly make thy demands, for we will please
To grant what ere thou saist for.

Ray. Fair beam'd sir;
I dare not greedily prefer
Eternitie of earths delights,
Before that dutie which invites
My filial piecie, in this
Your love shall perfect my hearts blisse;

If I, but for one onely year,
Enjoy the several pleasures here,
With every season in his kinde,
Can bless a mortal with.

Sun. I finde
Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it
Thou master'st thy desire, and shall not want it;
To the spring garden let him bee convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid:
All the varieties the Spring can shew,
Be subject to his will.

Pre. Lights Lord, wee go.

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love with such fopperies. *Exit.*

Sun. We must descend, and leav a while our sphere
To greet the world——ha, there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beams that shine,
As if their friendly lights would darken mine:
No let em shine out still, for these are they,
By whose sweet favors, when our warmths decay,
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish
Our active motions, which in Summer flourish
By their fair quickning dews of noble loves:
Oh may you all like stars, whilst swift time moves,
Stand fixt in firmaments of blest contents:
Mean while recreations wee present,
Shall strive to please; I have the foremost tract;
Each season else begins and ends an Act. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Spring*, *Raybright*, *Youth*, *Health* and *Delight*.

Spr. WElcom the mother of the year, the Spring;
That mother on whose back age ne're can sit.
For age still waits upon her that Spring the Nurse;
Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wanton.

Physitian

Phyſician to the ſick, ſtrength to the ſounds,
By whom all things above, and under-round
Are quickned with new heat, freſh blood, brave vigor,
That Spring on thy fair cheeks, in kiſſes lules
Ten thouſand welcoms, free as are thoſe raies
From vvhich thy name thou borroweſt: glorious name!
Raybright, as bright in perſon as in fa[illegible]
Ray. Your eies amaz'd mee firſt, but [illegible] mine ears
Feel your tongues charms, in you move all the ſphears.
Oh Ladie! would the Sun, which gave mee life,
Had never ſent me to you.
Spr. Why! all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were com back,
And with his frozen beard have numm'd my lips
To hear that ſigh fly from you.
Ray. Round about mee
A firmament of ſuch fair bleſſings ſhine,
I in your ſphear ſeem a ſtar more divine
Than in my Fathers Chariot; ſhould I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.
Sp. Oh that ſweet breath revives mee! if thou never
Part'ſt hence (as part thou ſhalt not) bee happie ever.
Ray. I know I ſhall.
Spr. Thou to buy, whoſe ſtate?
Kings would lay down their crowns, freſh Youth wait,
I charge thee, on my darling.
You. Madam I ſhall,
And on his ſmoeth cheek ſuch ſweet roſes ſee,
You ſtill ſhall ſit to gather then, and when
Their colours fade, brave ſhall ſpring agen.
Spr. Thou (without whom they that have hills of gold
Are ſlaves and wretches) Health that canſt nor be ſold
Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Springs paramour.
Hea. One of my hands is writing ſtill in heaven,
(For that's Healths librarie) t'other on the earth
Is Phyſicks treaſurer, and what wealth thoſe lay
Up for my queen, all ſhall his will obay.
Ray. Mortalitie ſure falls from me,

Spr.

Spr. Thou! to whose tunes
The five nice Sences dance; thou that dost spin
Those golden threds all women love to winde,
And but for whom, man would cut off mankinde.
Delight not base, but noble, touch thy Lire,
And fill my Court with brightest Delphick fire.

Del. Hover, you wing'd Musicians, in the air;
Clouds leav your dancing, no windes stir but fair.

Hea. Leav blustring March.——

SONG.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail,
'Tis Philomel the Nightingale;
Jugg, Jugg, Jugg, Terue she cries,
And hating earth, to heaven she flies——Cuckow.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.
Brave prick-song; who is't now we hear!
'Tis the Lark-silver leer a leer:
Chirup the Sparrow flies away;
For hee fell too't ere bre ak of day.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcom in in the Spring.

Spr. How does my sun-born sweet-heart like his queen;
Her court, her train.

Ray. Wondrous, such ne're were seen.

Hea. Fresher and fresher pastimes, one delight
Is a disease to th'wanton appetite.

Del. Musick take Ecchoes voice, and dance quick rounds
To thine own times in repercussive sounds. *Exit.*

Eccho of Cornets.

Spr. Enough? I will not weary thee, pleasures change:
Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiack range.——

Enter Delight.

Del. A company of rural fellows, fac'd
Like lovers of your Lawe, beg to bee grac'd
Before your Highness, to present their sport.

Spr. What is't?

Del. A Morris.

Spr. Give them our Court:

Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine ear,
Take thou my lightning, none but Laurel here
Shall scape thy blasting; whom thou wilt confound
Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice sit crown'd.

Ray. Let these then; I may surfeit else on sweets.
Sound sleeps do not still lie in Princes sheets.

Spr. Beckon the Rurals in, the Country-gray
Seldom ploughs treason, shouldst thou be stoln away.
By great ones, that's my fear.——

Ray. Fear it not Lady;
Should all the worlds black sorceries bee laid
To blow mee hence, I move not.

Spr. I am made *Morris*
In that word the earths Empress——
Are not these sports too rustick?

Ray. No; pretty and pleasing.

Spr. My youngest girle, the violet-breathing *May*,
Being told by *Flora* that my love dwelt here,
Is com to do you service, will you please
To honor her arrival.

Ray. I shall attend.

Spr. On then, and bid my rosie-finger'd *May* *Morris*
Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strow his way. *Exit.*

Ray. An Empress, saist thou, faln in love with me.

Fol. She's a great woman, and all great women wish to be Empresses; her name, the Ladie *Humor*.

Ray. Strange name, I never saw her, knew her not:
What kinde of creature is shee?

Fol. Creature! of a skin soft as Pomatum, sleek as Jellie, white as blanch'd Almonds; no Mercers wife ever handled yard with a prettier breath; sweet as a Monkies; lips of cherries, teeth of pearle, eies of diamond, foot and leg as——

Ray. And what's thy name?

Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it, my name is Folly.

Ray. Humor and Folly's, to my listning ear
Thy Ladies praises often have been sung,
The trumpet sounding forth her graceful beauties,
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

Fol. She's as hot as you for your heart.

Ray.

Ray. This Ladie, call'd the Spring, is an odd trifle.

Fol. A green ſickneſs thing, I came by the way of a hobby-horſe letter of Attorney, ſent by my Ladie as a ſpie to you: *Spring* a hot Ladie, a few fields and gardens laſs, can you feed upon ſallets and tanzies, eat like an Aſſe upon graſſe every day at my Ladies, coms to you now a Gooſe, now a Woodcock, nothing but fowl; fowl pies, platters all cover'd with foul, and is not fowl very good fare?

Ray. Yea marry is't ſir, the fowl being kept clean.
My admiration waſtes it ſelf in longings
To ſee this rare piece, I'le ſee her; what are Kings, were not their
Pleaſures varied; ſhall not mine then? ſhould day
Laſt ever, 'twould bee loath'd as night.
Change is the ſawce that ſharpens appetite;
The way, I'le to her.

Fol. The way is windie and narrow; for look you, I do but winde this Cornet, and if another anſwer it, ſhe coms.

Ray. Be quick then—— *Cornets.*

Enter *Humor, a Souldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dance, a French Tailor.*

Hum. Is this that flower the *Spring* ſo dotes upon?

Fol. This is that hony-ſuckle, ſhe ſticks in her ruffe.

Hum. A bedfellow for a Fairie.

Ray. Admir'd perfection!
You ſet my praiſes to ſo high a tune,
My merits cannot reach em.

Hum. My heart-ſtrings ſhall then,
As mine eie gives that ſentence on thy perſon;
And never was mine eie a corrupt Judg,
That Judg to ſave thee would condemn a world,
And loſe mankinde to gain thee; 'tis not the *Spring*,
With all her gawdy arbors, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incenſe to the Sun,
For ſhooting glames at her, and for ſending
Whole quires of ſingers to her every morn,
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
as I can with one kiſſe.

Ray. The roſe-lipp'd dawning
Is not ſo melting, ſo delicious.

Turn mee into a bird that I may ſit
Still ſinging in ſuch boughs,
Fol. What bird?
Sol. A Ring-tayl.
Hu. Thou ſhalt be turn'd to nothing but to mine,
My Mine of pleaſures which no hand ſhall rifle
But this, which in warm Nectar bathes the palm:
Invent ſom other tyres; muſick; ſtay; none
Fol. Hoy-day.
Hu. New gowns, freſh faſhions, I am not brave enough
To make thee wonder at me.
Ray. Not the Moon
Riding at midnight in her criſtal Chariot,
With all her Courtiers in their robes of ſtars
Is half ſo glorious.
Hu. This feather was a bird of Paradice,
Shall it bee yours.
Ray. No Kingdom buies it from mee.
Fol. Being in fools paradice he muſt not loſe his bawble.
Ray. I am wrapt,
Fol. In your mothers ſmock.
Ra. I am wrapt above mans being, in being ſphered
In ſuch a globe of raritie, but ſay Ladie
What theſe are that attend you.
Hu. All my attendants
Shall be to the ſworn ſervants.
Fol. Follie is ſworn to him already, never to leav him.
Ray. Hee.
Fol. A French Gentleman that trayls a Spaniſh pike. A Tailor.
Tay. Wee Mounſieur, hey nimbla upon de croſſe caper, me take a de meaſure of de body, from de top a de noddle to de heel and great toe, oh ſtiſh de fine: dis coller is cut out in anger ſcurvie, oh dis beeſhes pincha de bum, me put one French yard into de toder hoſe.
Fol. No French yards, they want a yard at leaſt.
Ray. Shall I bee brave then?
Hu. Golden as the ſun.
Ra. What's hee that looks ſo ſmickly?
Fol. A Flounder in a frying-pan, ſtill skipping, one that loves mutton

mutton ſo well, he alwaies carries capers about him; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs ſerve him to no other uſe then to do tricks, as if he had bought em of a Jugler, hee's an Italian dancer, his name——

Dan. Signior Lavolta (Meſſer mio) me teſha all de bella Corantoes, galliardaes, piametaes, caprorettaes, amorettaes dolche dolche to declamante do bona robaes de Tuſcana.

Ray. I ne're ſhall be ſo nimble.

Fol. Yes, if you powr quick-ſilver into your ſhin-bones, as he does. *Ray.* This now?

Fol. A moſt ſweet Spaniard.

Spa. A Confeciánador, which in your tongue is, a Comfit-maker, of *Toledo*, I can teach ſugar to ſlip down your throat a million of waies.

Fol. And the throat has but one in all, oh *Toledo*!

Spa. In Conſerva, candies, marmalades, ſinkadoes, ponadoes, marablane, Bergamoth, aranxues muria, lymons, berengenas of *Toledo*, orioner, potataes of *Malaga*, and ten millions more.

Fol. Now 'tis ten millions, a Spaniard can multiply.

Spa. I am your ſervidor.

Ray. My pallate pleas'd to, what's this laſt?

Sol. I am a Gun that can rore, two ſtilettoes in one ſheath, I can fight and bounce too, my Ladie by mee, preſents this ſword and belt to you

Ray. Incomparable Miſtreſſe.

Hu. Put them on.

Sol. I'le drill you how to give the lie, and ſtab in the punto, if you dare not fight, then how to vamp a rotten quarrel without ado.

Ray How: dare not fight! there's in me the Suns fire.

Hu. No more of this, dances awake the muſick.

O yes! Muſick!

Ray. No more of this, this ſword arms me for battel.

Hu. Com then, let thou and I rieap in arms,
The field embraces, kiſſes our alarms.

Fol. A dancer and a Tailor, yet ſtand ſtill: ſtrike up—*Dance.*

Enter *Spring, Health, Youth, Delight.*

Spr. Oh! thou inticing ſtrumpet, how durſt thou

Throw

Throw thy voluptuous ſpells about a Temple
That's conſecrate to me.
Hu. Poor *Spring*, goodie herb-wife;
How dar'ſt thou caſt a glance on this rich jewel
I ha bought for mine own wearing.
Spr. Bought! are thou ſold then?
Ray. Yes, with her gifts, ſhe buyes me with her graces.
Heal. Graces! A Witch.
Spr. What can ſhe give thee.
Ray. All things.
Spr. Which I for one bubble cannot add a ſea too.
Fol. And ſhew him a hobbie-horſe in my likeneſs.
Spr. My *Raybright*, hear me; I regard not theſe.
Ray. What dowrie can you bring me?
Spr. Dowrie! ha! is't com to this? am I held poor and baſe?
A girdle make, whoſe buckles ſtretch'd toth' length
Shall reach from th'artick to th'antartick pole:
What ground ſoever thou canſt with that incloſe
I'le give thee freely, not a Lark that calls
The morning up, ſhall build on any turf
But ſhee ſhall be thy tenant, call thee Lord,
And for her rent pay thee in change of ſongs.
Ray. I muſt turn bird-catcher.
Fol. Do you think to have him for a ſong?
Hu. Live with mee ſtill; and all the meaſures
Plaid to by the ſpheres, I'le teach thee;
Let's but thus dallie, all the pleaſures
The Moon beholds, her man ſhall reach thee.
Ray. Divineſt!
Fol. Here's a Lady.
Spr. Is't come to who gives moſt?
The ſelf ſame Bay tree into which was turnd:
Penian Daphne, I have ſtill kept green;
That tree ſhall now be thine, about it ſit:
All the old poets with freſh Lawrel Crownd,
Singing in verſe the praiſe of chaſtity;
Hither when thou ſhalt come, they all ſhall riſe,
Sweet Cantoes of thy love, and mine to ſing:

And invoke none but thee as *Delian King.*
Ray. Live by ſinging ballets?
Fol. Oh! baſe, turn poet, I would not be one my ſelf.
Hu. Dwell in mine armes, aloft wee'l hover,
And ſee fields of armies fighting:
Oh! part not from mee, I will diſcover
There, all but books of fances writing;
Del. Not far off ſtands the *Hipocrenian* well,
Whither i'le leade thee, and but drinking there,
To welcome thee, nine Muſes ſhall appear:
And with full bowles of knowledge thee inſpire.
Ray. Hang knowledge, drowne your muſe,
Fol. I, I, or they'l drown themſeves in Sack & Claret
Hu. Do not regard their toyes,
Be but my darling, age to free thee
From her curſe, ſhall fall a dying;
Call me their Empreſſe; time to ſee thee
Shall for get his art of flying.
Ray. Oh! my all excellence.
Sp. Speake thou for me; I am fainting.
Heal. Leave her, take this and travel, tell the world
I'le bring thee in to all the Courts of Kings;
Where thou ſhalt ſtay, and learn their languages;
Kiſſe Ladies, revell out the nights in dancing:
The day, manly paſtimes; ſnatch from time
His glaſſe, and let the golden ſands run forth
As thou ſhalt jogg them, riot it, go brave;
Spend halfe a world, my Queen ſhall beare thee out:
Yet all this while, tho thou climb hills of yeares,
Shall not one wrinckle ſit upon thy brow,
Nor any ſickneſſe ſhake thee; Youth and Health,
As ſlaves, ſhall lackie by thy Chariot wheeles;
And who, for two ſuch jeweller, would not ſell
The *Eaſt*, and *Weſt Indies*; both are thine, ſo that——
Ray. What?
Fol. All lies gallap o're the world, and not grow old, nor be ſick; a lie; one gallant went but into *France* laſt day, & was never his own man ſince, another ſtept but into the low Countries, and

was

was drunk dead under the table, another did but peep into *England*, and it cost him more in good morrows blowne up to him under his window, by Drums and Trumpets, then his whole voiage, besides he run mad upon't.

Hu. Here's my last farewel, ride a long with me,
I'le raise by art, out of base earth, a pallace;
Whither thy selfe, waving a Christal sheam,
Shall call together the most glorious spirits
Of all the Kings that have been in the world;
And they shall come onely to feast with thee.

Ray. Rare!

Hu. At one end of this pallace shal be heard
That Musique which gives motion to the Heaven;
And in the midle *Orpheus* shall sit and weep,
For sorrow that his Lute had not the charmes
To bring his faire *Euredice* from hell;
Then at an other end----

Ray. I'le hear no more;
This ends your strife, you onely I adore.

Sp. Oh! I am sick at heart; unthankfull man
'Tis thou hast wounded mee, farewel, she is led in.

Ray. Farewell?

Fol. Health, recover her; sirrah Youth, look to her.

Hea. That bird that in her nest sleeps out the spring
May fly in Summer, but with sickly wing. *Exit.*

Ray. I owe thee for this pill, Doctor.

Hu. The Spring will Dye sure.

Ray. Let her?

Hu. If she does, Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,
And he shall write her Epitaph.

Ray. Against the morning
See it then writ, and I'le reward thee for it.

Fol. It shall not need.

Ray. 'Tis like it shall not need, this is your Folly,

Hu. He shall be ever yours.

Fol. I hope ever to be mine own folly,
Hee's one of our fellows.

Hu. In triumph now I lead thee; no, be thou *Cæsar*,
And lead me.

Ray.

Ray. Neither; wee'l ride with equall state
Both in one Chariot, since we have equall fate.
Hu. Each do his office to this man your Lord;
For tho Delight, and Youth, and Health should leave him;
This Ivory gated pallace shall receive him. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter *Raybright* Melancholy.

Ray. OH my deer love the Spring, I am cheated of thee;
Thou hadst a body the four elements
Dwelt never in a fairer; a minde princely;
Thy language like thy fingers, Musical.
How coole wert thou in anger, in thy dyet
How temperate, and yet sumptuous; thou wouldst not waste
The waight of a sad violet in excesse;
yet still thy board had dishes unnumberlesse.
Dumbe beasts even lov'd thee; once a young Lark
Sate on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes
Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies.

Enter *Follie.*

Fol. I ha don my Lord: my Muse has pump'd hard for an Epitaph upon the late departed *Spring*, and here her lines spring up. *Ray.* Read.

Fol. Read; so I will, pleas you to reach mee your high ears.

Here lies the blith Spring,
Who first taught birds to sing;
Yet in April herself fell a crying:
Then May growing hot
A sweating sickness shee got,
And the first of June lay a dying.
Yet no month can say
But her merry daughter May
Stuck her Coffin with flowers great plenty.
The Cuckow sung in verse
An Epitaph o're her herse,
But assure you the lines were not dainty.

Ray. No more are thine, thou Ideot; hast thou none
To poison with thy nastie figgs but mine,
My matchless frame of nature, Creations wonder,
Out of my sight.

Fol. I am not in't, if I were, you'd see but fairvilly; you finde fault as Patrons do with books, to give nothing.

Ray. Yes ball'd one, beastly base one, blockish away;
Vex me not fool, turn out a doors your rorer,
French Tailor, and that Spanish ginger-bread,
And your Italian skipper; then sir, your self.

Fol. My self! Carbonado me, bastinado me, strapado me, hang me, I'le not stir; poor Follie, honest Follie, jocundary Follie forsake your Lordship; no true Gentleman hates me, and how many women are given daily to me (if I would take em) some not far off know; Tailor gon, Spanish figg gon, all gon but I—— Enter *Humor.*

Hu. My waiters coited off by you, you flea them;
Whence com these thunder-bolts, what furies haunt you?

Ray. You.

Fol. Shee!

Ray. Yes, and thou.

Fol. Baw waw.

Ray. I shall grow old, diseas'd, and melancholy;
For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,
And that delight my Spring bestow'd upon me:
But for you two, I should be wondrous good;
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, and torn
From the embracements of the noblest creature.

Hu. Your *Spring.*

Ray. Yes she, even she, onely the *Spring*:
One morning spent with her, was worth ten nights
With ten of the prime beauties in the world:
She was unhappie never, but in two sons,
March a rude roring fool.

Fol. And *April* a whining puppie.

Hu. But *May* was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.

Fol. Indeed *May* was a sweet creature, and yet a great raiser of

of May-poles.

Hu. When will you ſing my praiſes thus?

Ray. Thy praiſes, that art a common creature.

Hu. Common!

Ray. Yes, common: I cannot paſſe through any Princes Court, Through any Countrie, Camp, Town, Citie, Village, But up your name is cried, nay curs'd; a vengeance On this your debauch'd Humor.

Fol. A Vintner ſpoke thoſe very words laſt night, to a company of roring boies, that would not pay their reckoning.

Ray. How many baſtards haſt thou?

Hu. None.

Ray. 'Tis a lie, bee judg by this your ſquire elſe.

Fol. Squire! worſhipful Mr Follie.

Ray. The Courtier has his Humor, has he not Follie?

Fol. Yes marry has he, follie; the Courtier's humor is to bee brave, and not pay for't; to bee proud, and no man carer for't.

Ray. Brave Ladies have their humors.

Fol. Who has to do with that, but brave Lords.

Ray. Your Citizens have brave humors.

Fol. Oh! but their wives have tickling humors.

Hu. Yet don.

Fol. Humor Madam, if all are your baſtards that are given to humor you, you have a companie of arrant raſcals to your children, as ever went toth' gallowes; a Collier being drunk juſt fell'd a Knight into the kennel, and cry'd 'twas his humor; the Knight broke his coxcomb, and that was his humor.

Ray. And yet you are not common.

Hu. No matter what I am: I'le rore, rant, Rail, curſe, be frantick, get you to the trade Of your rare Miſtreſſe; dig up your dead Spring And lie with her, kiſſe her, me, have you loſt

Fol. And I ſcorn to be found.

Ray. Stay: muſt I loſe all comfort, deareſt life, There's ſuch a deal of naught in theſe eies, I'me charm'd to kiſſe theſe onely.

Fol. Are you ſo? kiſſe on, I'le be kiſſ'd out anon I warrant.

Ray. I will not leav my Follie for a world.

Fol. Nor I you for ten.

Ray. Nor thee my love, for worlds pil'd upon worlds.

Hu. If ever for the Spring you do but sigh, I take my bells

Fol. And I my hobby-horse, —Will you be merry than, and jawsand.

Ray. As merry as the Cuckows of the spring,

Fol. Again.

Ray. How Ladie, lies the way?

Hu. I'le be your convoy,
And bring you to the Court of the Suns queen,
(Summer a glorious and majestick creature)
Her face out-shining the poor Springs, as far
As a sun-beam doe's a lamp, the moon a star.

Ray. Such are the spheres I do move in, attend us Follie. *Ext.*

Enter *Raybright* and *Humor.*

Ray. I muse, my nimble Follie stales so long.

Hu. Hee's quick enough of foot, and counts, I swear)
That minute cast away, not spent on you.

Ray. His company is musick, next to yours,
Both of you are a Consort, and, your tunes
Lull me asleep, and when I most am sad,
My sorrows vanish from me in soft dreams:
But how far must we travel, for our motion
Puts us in this heat, for is the air
In love with us, it clings with such embraces,
It keeps us in this warmth.

Hu. This shews, her Court
Is not far off, you covet to possesse
Her subjects seldom kindle needlesse fires,
The Sun lends them his flames.

Ray. Has she rare Buildings?

Hu. Magnificent and curious, every noon
The horses of the day bait there, while he
(Who in a golden Chariot rides each day)
Takes a delicious supper: then he sleeps
In twelve hours o're this world, all night a while
To give a love-kisse to the Summer queen.

Ray. And shall we have some sights there?

Hu. Oh!

Ray. And hear more ravishing musick?

Bu. All the quiristers
That learn't to sing i'th Temple of the Spring;
But her attain such cunning, that when the windes
Rore and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols
Dance o're our head, their voices have such charme,
They'l all stand still to listen——

Ray. Excellent. Enter *Follie.*

Fol. I sweat like a pamper'd jade of *Asia*, and drop like a
Cob-nut out of *Affrica*——Enter a Forrester.

For. Back: whither go you?
Oyes! this way.

For. None must passe
Here's kept no open Court; our Queen this day
Rides forth a hunting, and the ayr being hot,
She will not have rude throngs to stifle her——back. Ex.

Enter Summer *and* Delight.

Sum. And did break her heart then.

Del. Yes with disdain.

Sum. The heart of my deer mother nurse the *Spring*,
I'le breake his heart for't: had she not a face,
Too tempting for a *Jove*.

Del. The graces sate,
On her faire eye-lids ever, but his youth
Lusting for change, so doted on a Lady,
Phantastick, and yet fair; a peece of wonder:
They call her *Humor*, and her parasite *Folly*,
He cast the sweet *Spring* off, and turn'd us from him;
Yet his celestial kinsman, for young *Raybright*
Is the *Suns* darling, knowing his journeying hither
To see thy glorious Court, sends me before
To attend on you, and spend all my hours
In care for him—— Enter *Sun.*

Sum. Obay your charge——oh thou builder,
Of me thy hand maid! Landlord of my life,
Life of my love, throne where my glories sit;
I ride in tryumph on a silver clowd;
Now I but see thee.

Sun. Rise; is *Raybright* come yet.

Del. Not yet.

Sun. Be you indulgent over him,
And lavish thou thy creatures——

Enter Playe.

Plen. Our princely Goddess *Raybright*,
Your darling, and the worlds delight, is come.

Sun. who with them.——

Ple. A goddesse in a woman, attended
By a prating lawless fellow, called *Folly*.

Sun. They'l confound him, but he shall run,
Go and receive him.

Sum. Your sparkling eyes, and his arivall, draws
Heapes of admirers; earth it self will sweat
To bear our weight; vouchsafe, bright power, to borrow
Winds not too rough from *Eolus*, to fan
Our glowing faces——

Sun. I will: ho *Æolus*,
Unlock the jayle, and lend a winde or two,
To fan my girle the Summer.

Æo. I will.

Sun. No rorers.

Æo. No.

Sun. Quickly.

Æo. Fly you slaves, *Summer* sweats; cool her, 'tis fit above.

The Sun takes Hobyes,

Enter Summer, Raybright, Humor, Playe, Folly, Country Lasses and Wenches.

SUNG.

Hay-makers, Rakers, Reapers and Mowers,
Waite on your Summer-Queen,
Dresse up with Musk-rose her Eglantine flowers,
Daffadils strew the greene,
Sing dance and play
'Tis Holy day.
the Sun does bravely shine
on our Lasses of Kent.
Beds as a pearle
comes every girle,
this is mine, this is mine, this is mine!
Let us die, ere away they be born.

Bow to the Sun, as our Queen, and that fair one
com to beholdour sports,
Each bonny lasse have it counted a rare one,
as those in Princes Courts.
these and wee
with Country glee
will teach their woods to resound,
and the hills with eccho's hollow:
skipping Lambs
their bleating dams
'mongst kids shall trip it round,
for joy thou our wenches we follow.

Winde, jollie Hunts-man, your neat Bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lustie cry:
Spring up, you Faulconers, the Partridges freely,
then let your brave Hawks flie.
Horses amain
over ridg, over plain,
the Dogs have the Stag in chace;
'tis a sport to content a King.
So ho ho, through the skies
how the proud bird flies,
and sowsing kills with a grace,
Now the Deer falls, hark how they ring.

Sun. Leav off, the Sun is angry, & has drawn A clowd before his face. } The Sun by degrees is clowded.

Ho. He is vex'd to see
That proud star shine near you, at whose rising
The Spring fell sick and dy'd; think what I told you,
His coynes will kill you else.

Sun. It cannot — fair Prince!
Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear
Till now I never saw you, nor never saw
A man whom I more love, more hate.

Ray. Ha Ladie!

Sun. For him I love you, from whose glittering raies

You

You boast your great name, for that name I hate you,
Because you kill'd my mother, and my nurse.
Plen. Kill'd her my grandmother, Plenty will never
Hold you byth' hand again.
Sum. You have free leave
To thrust your arm into our treasurie
As deep as I my self. *Plenty* shall wait
Still at your elbow, all my sports are yours,
Attendants yours, my state and glorie's yours;
But these shall be as sun-beams from a glasse
Reflected on you, not to give you heat
To dote on a smooth face, my spirit's too great. *Exit.*
Ray. Divinest! *Floriſh*
Hu. Let her go.
Fol. And I'le go after, for I must and will have a fling at one of her plum-trees.
Ray. I ne're was scorn'd till now.
Hu. This is that *Alteza*,
That Rhodian wonder, gaz'd at by the Sun:
I fear'd thine eies should have beheld a face,
The Moon has not a clearer, this! a dowdie.
Fol. An Ouzle, this a queen-apple; or a crab she gave you.
Hu. She bid's you share her treasure, but who keeps it.
Fol. She point's to trees great with childe with fruit, but when delivered grapes hang in ropes, but no drawing, not a drop of wine: whole ears of corn lay their ears together for bread, but the divel a bit I can touch.
Hu. Be rul'd by me once more, leave her.
Ray. In scorn, as he doe's me.
Fol. Scorn! If I be not deceived, I ha seen Summer go up and down with hot Codlings; and that little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying six bunches of Raddish for a peny.
Hu. Thou shalt have nobler welcome, for I'le bring thee
To a brave and bountious house-keeper, free Autumne.
Fol. Oh! there's a lad——let's go then.
Plen. Where's this Prince, my mother; for the Indies
Must not have you part——
Ra. Must not? *Sum.*

Sun. No; must not.
I did but chide thee like a whistling winde
Playing with leavie dancers: when I told thee
I hated thee, I lied; I doat upon thee.
Unlock my garden of th'Hesperides,
By draggons kept (the Apples beeing pure gold)
Take all that fruit, 'tis thine.

Plen. Love but my mother, I'le give thee corn enough to feed the world.

Ray. I need not golden apples, nor yourcorn;
What land soe're, the worlds surveyor, the Sun
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine:
All kingdoms I have right to, I am free
Of every Countrie; in the four elements
I have as deep a share as an Emperor;
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serv me,
All birds to sing to me, and can you catch me
With a tempting golden Apple,

Plen. Shee's too good for thee;
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise
Before his time, onely to kisse those eies,
Which having touch'd, he stole from them such store
Of light, she shone more bright then e're before:
At which he vow'd, when ever shee did die,
Hee'd snatch them up, and in his sisters sphere
Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

Ray. Let him now snatch them up away.

Hu. Away, and leav this Gipsie.

Sun. Oh! I am lost.

Ray. Love scorn'd, of no triumph more then love can boast. *Exit.*

Plen. This strump will confound him. *Recorders.*

Sum. Shee has me deluded——— Enter Sun.

Sun. Is Raybright gon.

Sum. Yes, and his spightful eies
Have shot darts through me,

Sun. I, thy wounds will cure,
And lengthen out thy daies, his followers gon.
Cupid and *Fortune* take you charge of him.

Here

Here thou, my brightest Queen, must end thy reign,
Som nine months hence I'le home on thee again. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter *Pomona*, *Raybright*, *Cupid* and *Fortune*.

Ray. YOur entertainment, Autumns bounteous queen,
Have feasted me with rarities as delicate,
As the full growth of an abundant year
Can ripen to my palate.

Pom. They are but courtings
Of gratitude to our dread Lord the Sun,
From whom thou draw'st thy name; the feast of fruits
Our gardens yield, are much too course for thee;
Could we contract the choice of natures plenty
Into one form, and that form to contein
All delicates, which the wanton sence
Would relish: or desire to invent to please it,
The present were unworthie far to purchase
A sacred league of friendship.

Ray. I have rioted
In surfets of the ear, with various musick
Of warbling birds; I have smelt perfumes of roses,
And every flower with which the fresh-trim'd earth
Is mantled in: the Spring could mock my senses
With these fine barren lullabies, the Summer
Invited my then ranging eies to look on
Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles
Of waterish pettie dainties, but my taste
Is onely here pleas'd, t'other objects claim
The eye of formal, these are real bounties.

Pom. We can transcend thy wishes, whom the creatures
Of every age and qualitie post, straddling
From land to land, and sea to sea to meet,
Shall wait upon thy nod, *Fortune* and *Cupid*,
Now yield thy quiver, and thine arrows up
To this great Prince of Time, before him *Fortune*,

Pow

Powr out thy mine of treasures, crown him sovereign
Of what his thoughts can glorie to command:
He shall give paiment of a roial prize
To Fortune, Judgment, and to Cupids eies.

Fort. Be a Merchant, I will fraight thee
With all store that time is bought for.

Cup. Bee a lover, I will wait thee
With succesſe in life moſt ſought for.

For. Be enamored on bright honor,
And thy greatneſſe ſhall ſhine glorious.

Cup. Chaſtitie, if thou ſmile on her,
Shall grow ſervile, thou victorious.

Fort. Be a warrior, conqueſt ever
Shall triumphantly renown thee.

Cup. Be a Courtier, beauty never
Shall but with her duty crown thee.

Fort. Fortunes wheel is thine, depoſe me,
I'me thy ſlave, thy power hath bound me.

Cup. Cupids ſhafts are thine, diſpoſe me,
Love loves love, thy graces wound me.

Fort. Cup. Live, reign, pitie is fames jewel;
We obay, oh! be not cruel.

Ray. You raviſh me with infinites, and lay
A bountie of more ſovereigntie and amazement,
Then the Atlas of mortalitie can ſupport.——

Enter *Humor* and *Folly*.

Hu. Whats here.

Fol. Nay pray obſerve.

Ray. Be my hearts Empreſſe, build your kingdom there.

Hu. With what an earneſtneſſe he complies.

Fol. Upon my life he means to turn *Coſtermonger*, and is projecting how to foreſtall the market; I ſhall cris Pippins rarely.

Ray. Till now, my longings were ne're ſatisfied,
And the deſires my ſenſuall appetite
Were onely fed with barren expectations,
To what I now am fill'd with.

Fol. Yes we are fill'd and muſt be emptied, theſe wind fruits have

diſtended my guts into a Lenten pudding, there's no fat in them, my belly ſwells, but my ſides fall away, a month of ſuch diet would make me a living Anatomie.

Po. Theſe are too little, more are due to him,
That is the patterne of his fathers glorie;
Dwell but amongſt us, Induſtrie ſhall ſtrive,
To make another artificiall nature;
And change all other ſeaſons into ours.

Hu. Shall my heart breake, I can containe no longer.

Ray. How fares my lov'd *Humor*?

Hu. A little ſtirr'd, no matter, i'le be merry:
Call for ſome Muſick, do not; i'le be melancholly.

Fol. A ſullen humor, and common, in a dicer that has loſt all his money.

Po. Lady! I hope 'tis no neglect of Courteſie
In us, that ſo diſturbs you, if it riſe
From any diſcontent, reveal the cauſe,
It ſhall be ſoone removed.

Hu. Oh! my heart, helpe to unlace my gowne.

Fol. And unlace your peticoat.

Hu. Sawcie, how now! 'tis well you have ſome ſweet heart, ſome new freſh ſweet heart; i'me a goodly foole to be thus plaied on, ſtall'd, and foyl'd.

Po. Why Madam?
We can be courteous without ſtaine of honor;
'Tis not the raging of a luſtfull blood
That we deſire to tame with ſatisfaction:
Nor hath his maſculine graces in our breſt
Kindled a wanton fire, our bounty gives him
A welcome free, but chaſte and honorable.

Hu. Nay 'tis all one, I have a tender heart,
Come, come, let's drink.

Fol. A humor in faſhion with gallants, and brought out of the low Countries.

Hu. Fie! there's no muſick in thee, let us ſing.

Fol. Here's humor in the right trim, a few more ſuch toies would make the little world of man runne mad, as the *Puritan* that ſold his conſcience for a May pole——— *Flouriſh: ſhowte.*

Ray. The meaning of this mirth. *Po.*

Po. My Lord is coming.
Ray. Let us attend, to humble our beſt thanks,
For theſe high favours ——
Enter *Autumne* & *Baccanalian*, *Humor* & *Follie*.
Pom. My deareſt Lord, according to th'injunction
Of your command, I have with all obſervance,
Given entertainement to this noble ſtranger.
Au. The Sun-born *Raybright*, minion of my love,
Let us be twins in heart, thy grandſires beames
Shine graciouſly upon our fruits, and vines:
I am his vaſſail-ſervant, tributarie:
And for his ſake, the knigdomes I poſſeſſe,
I will devide with thee, thou ſhalt command
The *Lidian Tmolus*, and *Campanian* mounts,
To nodd their grape-crownd heads into thy bowles,
Expreſſing their rich juice: a hundred graines
Both from the *Beltick* and *Sicilian fields*,
Shall be Congeſted for thy ſacrifice
In *Ceres* fane, *Tiber* ſhall pay thee Apples,
And *Sicyon Olives*, all the Choiceſt fruits,
Thy Fathers heat doth ripen.
Ray. Make me but treaſurer
Of your reſpected favours, and that honor
Shall equall my ambition.
Au. My *Pomona*,
Speed to prepare a banquet of novelties;
This is a day of reſt, and we the whiles,
Will ſport before our friends, and ſhorten time
With length of wonted revels.
Pom. I obey:
Will't pleaſe you Madam, a retirement
From theſe extreames in men, more tollerable,
Will better fit our modeſties.
Hu. I'le drink, and be a *Bacchanalian*, no, I will not;
Enter, i'le follow; ſtay, i'le go before.
Po. Ee'ne what humor pleaſeth. *Exit.* *Flouriſhes*
Au. *Raybright*, a health to *Phœbus* —— Drinks.
Theſe are the Peans which we ſing to him,

And

And ye wear no baies, our cups are onely
Crowned with *Lyæus* blood, to him a health there. Drinks.

Ray. I must pledge that too.

Au. Now one other health,
To our grand *Patron*, called, good fellowship;
Whose livery, all our people hereabout
Are call'd in. Drinks.

Ray. I am for that too.

Au. 'Tis well, let it go round, and as our custome is
Of recreations of this nature, joyne,
Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes;
Sing *Jos* unto *Baccus*.

Fol. Hey hoes, a god of winde, there's at least four and twenty of them imprisoned in my belly; it high riot forth some of them, the rest will break out at the back door; and how sweet the Musick of their roring will be, let an *Irishman* judge.

Ray. He is a songster too.

Fol. A very foolish one; my Musiques naturall, and came by inheritance; my father was a *French* Nightingall, and my mother an English wagtaile; I was born a Cuckow in the *Spring*, and lost my voice in *Summer*, with laying my egges in a sparrowes nest; but I'le venture for one, fill my dish; every one take his own, and when I hold up my finger, off with it.

Au. Begin.

Fol. *Cast away care, hee that Loves sorrow,*
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to morrow:
Money is trash, and he that will spend it,
let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.
Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Oh ho.
Play it off stiffly, we may not part so merrily &c.

Wine is a Charme, it heates the blood too;
Cowards it will arme, if the wine be good too;
quickens the wit, and makes the back able,
scornes to submit to the watch or Constable.
Merrily, &c.

Pots

Pots fly about, give us more Liquor;
Brothers of a rowt, our braines will flow quicker;
emptie the Cask, score up, wee care not,
fill all the Pots again, drink on, and spare not,
Merrily, &c.

Now have I more air then ten Musicians, besides there is a whirlwinde in my brains, I could both caper and turn round.

Au. Oh! a Dance by all meanes,
Now cease your healths, and in an active motion
Bestir yee nimbly, to beguile the hours.

Fol. I am for you in that too, 'twill jogge down the lees of these rowses into a freer passage; but take heed of sure footing, 'tis a slippery season; many men fall by rising, and many women are raised by falling——— *Dance*

Au. How likes our friend this pastime?

Ray. Above utterance,
Oh! how have I in ignorance and dullnesse,
Run through the progresse of so many minutes;
Accusing him, who was my lifes first author,
Of slacknesse and neglect, whilst I have dream't
The *folly* of my daies in vaine expence,
Of useless taste and pleasure; pray my Lord
Let one health passe about, whilst I be think me
What course I am to take, for being denison
In your unlimited courtesies.

Au. Devise a round,
You have your liberty.

Ray. A health to *Autumnus* selfe.
And here let time hold still his restlesse glasse,
That not another golden sand may fall
To measure how it passeth.

Au. Continue here with me, and by thy presence
Create me favorite to thy faire progenitor;
And be mine heire.

Ray. I want words to expresse
my thankfullnesse.

Au. What ere the wanton *Spring*,
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,

Tells

Toils for, comes home to *Autumne*, *Summers* ſweats
Fither in paſturing her ſurlongs, reaping
The cropp of bread, ripening the fruits for food.
Autumnes garners houſe them, *Autumnes* jollities
Feeds on them; I alone in every land
Traffique my uſefull merchandize, gold and jewells,
Lordly poſſeſſions, are for my commodities
Morgag'd and loſt, I fit Cheeſe moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd *Summer*, and th'extreames
Of *Winters* tedious froſt; nay, in my ſelfe
I do containe another teaming *Spring*:
Surety of health, proſperity of life
Belongs to *Autumne*, if thou then canſt hope
T' inherit immortality in frailty,
live here till time be ſpent, yet be not old.

Ray. Under the Sun, you are the yeers great emperor.

Au. On now, to new veriety of feaſts;
Princely contents are fit for princely gueſts, *Exit* ——

Ray My Lord I'le follow; ſure I am not well. *Florſh.*

Fol. Surely I am halfe drunk, or monſtrouſly miſtaken, you mean to ſtay here belike.

Ray. Whither ſhould I go elſe?

Fol. Nay, if you will kill your ſelfe in your own defence, I'le not be of your Jurie ——

Enter *Humor.*

Hu. You have bad precious pleaſures, choice of drunkenneſſe, will you be gon?

Ray. I feele a warr within me,
And every doubt that reſolution kills
Springs up a greater in the years revolution;
There cannot be a ſeaſon more delicious,
When Plenty (*Summers* daughter) empties daily
Her *cornucopia*, fill'd with choiſeſt viands.

Fol. Plenties horne is alwaies full in the City.

Ray. When temperate heat offends not with extremes,
When day and night have their diſtinguiſhment
With a more equall meaſure.

Hu. Ha! in contemplation.

Fol.

Fol. Troubling himself with this windy-gutts; this belly-aking *Autumne*; this Apple *John Kens*, and warden of Fruiterers hall.

Ray. When the bright Sun, with kindly distant beames
guilds ripen'd fruit.

Hu. And what fine meditation transports you thus,
You study some *Encomium*
Upon the beauty of the gardens Queene,
You'd make the paleneſſe to ſupply the vacancie
Of *Cinthia's* dark defect.

Fol. Madam! let but a green ſickneſſe chamber-maid be throughly ſteel'd, if ſhe get not a better color in one month, I'le bee forfeited to *Autumne* for ever, and fruite-eate my fleſh into a conſumption.

Hu. Come *Raybright*, whatſoer'e ſuggeſtions
Have won on thy apt weakeneſſe, leave theſe empty
And hollow ſounding pleaſures, that include
Onely a windy ſubſtance of delight,
Which every motion alters into ayre:
I'le ſtay no longer here.

Ray. I muſt.

Hu. You ſhall not,
Theſe are adulterate mixtures of vain follies; I'le bring thee
Into the Court of
Winter, there thy food:
Shall not be ſickly fruits, but healthfull broathes,
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Porke, Beefe, Mutton, (very ſweet Mutton, veale Venſon, Capon, fine fat Capon, partridge, Snite, plover, larkes, Teale admirable Teale, my Lord.

Hu. Miſtery there, like to another nature,
Confects the ſubſtance of the choiſeſt fruits,
In a rich candy, with ſuch imitation
Of forme and colour, 'twill deceive the eye:
Untill the taſte be raviſhed.

Fol. Comfits and Carawales, Marchpaines and Marmalades Suger-plums and Pippin-pies, ginger bread and Walnuts

Hu. Nor is his bounty limited, hee'le not ſpare

T'exhaust the treasure of a thousand *Indies*.

Fol. Two hundred pound suppers, and neither fidlers nor broken glasses reckoned, besides, a hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you can hold out so long.

Ray. You tell mee wonders!
Be my conductresse, I'le flie this place in secret;
Three quarters of my time is almost spent,
The last remains to crown my full content.
Now if I fail, let man's experience read me;
'Twas Humor, join'd with Follie, did mislead me.

Hel. Leav this naked season,
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,
It is to poor and barren.

Fol. And when the hair fall's off, I have heard a Poet say, 'tis no good sign of a sound bodie.

Ray. Com let's go taste old Winter's fresh delights,
And swell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumne, and the Spring,
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring;
An embleme of four Provinces we sway,
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day;
Shall both be subject to our glorious fate,
While wee enjoy the blessings of our fate:
And since wee've notice that som barbarous spirits
Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They'l not desist, wee'l force our way with swords. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter three Clowns.

1. HEar you the news neighbor?

2. Yes, to my grief neighbor; they say our Prince *Raybright* is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of Courtiers; wee'r like to have a fine time on't neighbors.

3. Our Wives and Daughters are, for they are sure to get by the bargain, tho our barn be emptied, they will be sure to bee with barn for't: Oh! these Courtiers, neighbors, are pestilent knaves;

knaves; but ere I'le suffer it, I'le pluck a Crow with som of em.

1. Faith neighbor let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather then live like beasts.

2. I, like horn-beasts, neighbor; they may talk and call us Rebells, but a fgg for that, 'tis not a fart matter; let's be true amongst our selvs, and with our swords in hand resist his entrance—— Enter *Winter*.

Wint. What such murmurings does your gall bring forth,
Will you prov't true, no good com's from the North;
Bold sawcie mortals, dare you then aspire
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire:
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience:
How durst you else with force think to withstand
Your Princes entrie into this his land;
A Prince who is so excellently good,
His virtue is his honor, more then blood;
In whose clear nature, as two Suns, do rise
The attributes of Merciful, and Wise:
Whose laws are so impartial, they must
Be counted heavenly, cause th'are truly just:
Who does with princely moderation give
His subjects an example how to live;
Teaching their erring natures to direct
Their wills, to what it ought most to affect:
That as the Sun does unto all dispence
Heat, light, nay life from his full influence,
Yet you wilde fools, possest with gyant rage,
Dare, in your lawlesse furie, think to wage
War against heaven, and from his shining throne
Pull *Jove* himself, for you to tread upon;
Were your heads circled with his own green Oak,
Yet are they subject to his thunder-stroak;
And he can sink such wretches as rebell,
From heaven's sublime height, into the depth of hell.

1. The divel a can as soon, we fear no colors, let him do his worst; there's many a tall fellow besides us, will die rather then see his living taken from them, nay even eat up; all things are

grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths then our own, neighbor.

2. Thou'rt a wise fellow, neighbor, prate is but prate; they say this Prince too would bring new laws upon us, new rights into the Temples of our gods, and that's abominable, wee'l all bee hang'd first——

Wint. A most fair pretence,
To found rebellion upon conscience;
Dull stubborn fools, whose perverse judgments still
Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
Not by indifferent reason, which to you
Coms, as in droughts the elemental dew
Does on the parch'd earth, 'twets, but does not give
Moisture enough to make the plants to live:
Things void of soul, can you conceive that he,
Whose every thought's an act of pietie,
Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
That ever was compris'd in flesh and blood,
Cannot direct you in the surest way
To serv those powers, to which himself does pay
True zealous worship, nay's so near ally'd
To them, himself must needs be deified—— Enter *Follie.*

Fol. Save you Gentlemen! 'tis very cold, you live in frost, y'ave Winter still about you.

2. What are you sir?

Fol. A Courtier sir; but you may guesse, a very foolish one, to leav the bright beams of my Lord, the Prince, to travel hither; I have an Ague on me, do you not see me shake: Well, if our Courtiers, when they com hither, have not warm young wenches, good wines, and fires to heat their bloods, 'twill freez into an Apoplexie; farewell frost, I'le go seek a fire to thaw me, I'me all ice I fear already. *Exit.*

1. Farewel and behang'd, ere such as these shall eat what we have sweat for, wee'l spend our bloods; com neighbors, let's go call our company together, and go meet this Prince he talks so of.

2. Som shall have but a sowr welcom of it, if my Crab-tree cudgel hold here.

Wint.

Wint. 'Tis, I see,
Not in my power to alter destinie:
You'r mad in your rebellious mindes, but hear
What I presage, with understanding clear:
As your black thoughts are mistie, take from me
This as a true and certain augurie,
This Prince shall com, and by his glorious side
Lawrel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,
Arm'd with the justice that attend's his cause,
You shall with penitence embrace his laws:
Hee to the frozen northern clime shall bring
A warmth so temperate, as shall force the Spring
Usurp my privilege, and by his Ray
Night shall bee chang'd into perpetual day.
Plentie and happinesse shall still increase,
As does his light, and Turtle-fo, ted Peace
Dance like a Fairie through his realms, while all
That envie him shall like twist Comets fall,
By their own fire consum'd, and glorious he
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destinie,
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,
Then flie to heaven, and give a new star birth. *Florish.*

Enter *Raybright*, *Humor*, *Bountie*, *Winter* and *Delight*.

But see, our star appear's, and from his ele
Flie thousand beams of sparkling majestie.
Bright son of *Phebus*! welcom, I begin
To feel the ice fal from my crisled skin;
For at your beams the Waggoner might thow
His Chariot, axell'd with *Riphean* snow;
Nay, the slow moving North-star having felt
Your temperate heat, his isicles would melt.

Ray. What bold rebellious Cattves dare disturb
The happie progresse of our glorious peace,
Contemne the Justice of our equall lawes,
Prophane those sacred rights, which all must bee
Attendant on monarchall dignitie:
I came to frolick with you, and to chear
Your drouping soules by vigor of my beams;

And

And have I this ſtrange welcom! reverend Winter!
I'me come to be your gueſt; your bounteous free
Condition does aſſure, I ſhall have
A welcom entertainment.

Win. Illuſtrious ſir! I am ignorant
How much expreſſion my true zeale will want
To entertain you fitlie, yet my love,
And hartie dutie, ſhall be farr above
My outward welcome, to that glorious light
Of heaven, the Sunne which chaces hence the night;
I am ſo much a vaſſaile, that I'le ſtrive,
By honoring you, to keep my faith alive
To him, brave Prince, tho you, who do inherit
Your fathers cheereful heat, and quickning ſpirit;
Therefore as I am Winter, worne and ſpent
So farre with age, I am Tymes monument;
Antiquities example, in my zeale,
I, from my youth, a ſpan of Tyme will ſteale
To open the free treaſures of my Court,
And ſwell your ſoul with my delights and ſport.

Ray. Never till now
Did admiration beget in me truly
The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleaſure;
So royall, ſo aboundant in earth's bleſſings,
Should not partake the comfort of thoſe beames,
With which the Sun beyond extent doth cheere
The other ſeaſons, yet my pleaſures with you,
From their falſe charmes, doth get the ſtart as farr
As heaven's great lamp from every minor ſtarr.

Boun. Sir! you can ſpeak wel, if your tongue deliver
The meſſage of your heart, without ſome cueing
Of reſtraint, we may hope to enjoy
The laſting riches of your preſence hence,
Without diſtruſt or change.

Ray. Winters ſweet bride,
All Conquering Bounty, queen of harts, life's glory,
Natures perfection; whom all love, all ſerve,
To whom Fortune, even in extreame's a ſlave,

When

When I fall from my dutie to thy goodneſs,
Then let me be ranck'd as nothing.
Boun. Come you, flatter mee.
Ray. I flatter you! Why Madam? you are Bounty;
Sole daughter to the royall throne of peace.
Hu. He minds not mee now. *Ray.* Bounties ſelf!
For you he is no ſouldier dares not fight,
No Scholar he, that dares not plead your merites,
Or ſtudy your beſt Sweetneſs, ſhould the Sun,
Eclips'd for many yeares, forbeare to ſhine
Upon the boſome of our naked paſtures,
Yet where you are, the glories of your ſmiles
would warm the barren grounds, arm hartleſs miſery,
And cheriſh deſolation. Deed I honor you,
And as all others ought to do, I ſerve you.
Hu. Are theſe the rare ſights, theſe the promis'd Complements.
Win. Attendance on our revells, let delight
Conjoyn the day with ſable-footed night;
Both ſhall forſake their orbes, and in one ſphere
Meet in ſoft mirth, and harmleſſe pleaſures here;
While plump *Lyeus* ſhall, with garland crown'd
Of triumph-Ivie, in full cups abound
Of Cretan wine, and ſhall dame Ceres call
To waite on you, at Winters feſtivall;
While gawdy Summer, Autumne, and the Springe,
Shall to my Lord their Choyceſt viands bring.
Wee'l robb the ſea, and from the ſubtill ayre,
Fetch her Inhabitant, to ſupply our fare.
That were *Apycious* here, he in one night
Should ſate with dainties his ſtrong appetite.
Begin our revells then, and let all pleaſure
Flow like the Ocean, in a boundleſſe meaſure—— ——*Floriſh.*

Enter *Conceit*, and *Detraction*.

Con. Wit and pleaſure ſoft attention,
Grace the ſports of our invention.
De. Conceit peace, for *Detraction*
Hath already drawn a faction,
Shall deride thee.
Con. Antick leave me;
For in laboring to bereave me

of

Of such lame praise, thy dotage ——— Shall be hist at.

De. Here's a hot age;
When such pettie penmen covet
Fame by folly, on; Ile prove it
Scurvie by thy part, and trie thee
By thine owne wit.

Con. I defie thee,
Here are nobler Iudges, wit
Cannot suffer where they sit.

De. Pri'thee foolish Conceit, leave off thy set-speeches, and come to the conceit if selfe in plain languages; what goodly thing is't, in the name of laughter?

Con. Detraction doe thy worst, Conceit appears,
In honour of the Sunne, their fellow-friend;
Before thy censure; know then that the spheres,
Have for a while resigned their orbes, and lend
Their seats to the Four Elements, who joyn'd
With the Four known Complexions, have attond
A noble Ague, and severally put on
Materiall bodies; here amongest them none
Observes a difference; Earth and Ayre alike
Are sprightly active; Fire and Water seek
No glory of preheminence; Phlegm and Blood,
Choler and Melancholy, who have stood
In contrarieties, now meet for pleasure,
To enterain Time in a courtly measure.

De. Impossible and improper; first to personate insensible Creatures, and next to compound quite opposite humors; fie, fie, fie, i'ts abominable.

Con. Fond ignorance! how darest thou vainly scan
Impossibility; what reignes in man
Without disorder; wisely mixt by nature,
To fashion and preserve so high a creature. *Maskers.*

De. Sweete sir! when shall our mortall eyes behold this new peece of wonder;
We must gaze on the starres for it doubtlesse,

Con. See, thus the clouds flie off, and run in chase, } *The Maskers*
When the Sun's bountie lends peculiar grace. } *discover'd.*

De.

De. Fine Mistris-Mercury, and a good carman too, for a Chariot; will they come down too?

Con. Behold em well, the foremost represents Ayr, the most sportive of the Elements,

De. A nimble rascall, I warrant him some Aldermans son; wonderous giddy and light-headed; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and Tobacco.

Con. The next near him is Fire.

Det. A cholerick gentleman, I should know him, a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him; he was begot when the figu was in *Taurus*, for a rores like a Bull; But is indeed a Bell-weather.

Con. The third in rank is Water.

Det. A phlegmatick cold piece of stuff, his father me thinks should be one of the Dunce-table, and one that never drunk strong beer in's life but at festival times, and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a Term after.

Con. The fourth is Earth.

Det. A shrewd plodding-pated fellow, and a great lover of news; I guesse at the rest, Blood is placed near Air, Choler near Fire, Phlegme and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholie.

Con. Fair nymph of Harmonie, be it thy task
To sing them down, and rank them in a mask.

SONG.

See the Elements conspire,
Nimble Air doe's court the Earth,
Water doe's commixe with Fire,
To give our Princes pleasure birth;
Each delight, each joy, each sweet,
In our composition meet.
All the seasons of the year,
Winter doe's invoke the Spring,
Summer doe's in pride appear,
Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,
And with emulation pay
Their tribute to this Holy-day;
In which the Darling *of the* Sun *is born,*
To make this place a new Elisium.

Of a ſchollars praiſe, thy dotage ——— Shall be hiſt at.

De. Here's a hot age;
When ſuch pettie penmen covet
Fame by folly, on, I'le prove it
Scurvie by thy part, and trie thee
By thine owne wit.

Con. I defie thee,
Here are nobler Judges, wit
Cannot ſuffer where they ſit.

De. Pri'thee fooliſh Conceit, leave off thy ſet-ſpeeches, and come to the conceit if ſelfe in plain languages; what goodly thing is't, in the name of laughter?

Con. Detraction doe thy worſte, Conceit appears,
In honour of the *Sunne*, their fellow-friend,
Before thy cenſure; know then that the ſpheres,
Have for a while reſigned their orbes, and lend
Their ſeats to the Four Elements, who joyn'd
With the Four known Complexions, have attoned
A noble League, and ſeverally put on
Materiall bodies; here amongſt them none
Obſerves a difference; Earth and Ayre alike
Are ſprightly active; Fire and Water ſeek
No glory of preheminence; Phlegm and Blood,
Choler and Melancholy, who have ſtood
In contrarieties, now meet for pleaſure,
To entertain Time in a courtly meaſure.

De. Impoſſible and improper; firſt to perſonate inſenſible Creatures, and next to compound quite oppoſite humors; fie, fie, fie, 'tis abominable.

Con. Fond ignorance! how dareſt thou vainly ſcan
Impoſſibility; what reignes in man
Without diſorder; wiſely mixt by nature, *Maskers.*
To faſhion and preſerve ſo high a creature.

De. Sweete ſir! when ſhall our mortall eyes behold this new peece of wonder;
We muſt gaze on the ſtarres for it doubtleſſe,

Con. See, thus the clouds flie off, and run in chaſe, *The Maskers diſcover'd.*
When the Sun's bountie lends peculiar grace.

De.

De. Fine faith, pretty, and in good earnest, but sirrah, scholar, will they come down too?

Con. Behold em well, the foremost represents Ayr, the most sportive of the Elements,

De. A nimble rascall, I warrant him some Aldermans son; wonderous giddy and light-headed; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and Tobacco.

Con. The next near him is Fire.

Det. A cholerick gentleman, I should know him, a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him; he was begot when the sign was in *Taurus*, for a rores like a Bull, But is indeed a Bell-weather.

Con. The third in rank is Water.

Det. A phlegmatick cold piece of stuff, his father me thinks should be one of the Dunce-table, and one that never drunk strong beer in's life but at festival times, and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a Term after.

Con. The fourth is Earth.

Det. A shrewd plodding-pated fellow, and a great lover of news; I guesse at the rest, Blood is placed near Air, Choler near Fire, Phlegme and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholie.

Con. Fair nymph of Harmonie, be it thy task
To sing them down, and rank them in a mask.——

SONG.

See the Elements conspire,
Nimble Air doe's court the Earth,
Water doe's commix with Fire,
To give our Princes pleasure birth;
Each delight, each joy, each sweet,
In one composition meet.
All the seasons of the year,
Winter doe's invoke the Spring,
Summer doe's in pride appear,
Autumn forth his fruits doth bring,
And with emulation pay
Their tribute to this Holy-day;
In which the Darling *of the* Sun *is born,*
To make this place a new Elisium.

Wint. How do these pleasures please?

Hu. Pleasures!

Boun. Live here,
And be my Lord's friend, and thy sports shall vary
A thousand wales, invention shall beget
Conceits as curious as the thoughts of change
Can aim at.

Hu. Trifles: progresse o're the yeare
Again my *Raybright*, therein like the Sun,
As he in heaven runs his circular course,
So thou on earth run thine, for to be fed
With stale delights, breeds dulnesse and contempt;
Think on the Spring.

Ray. She was a lovely Virgin,

Wint. My royal Lord!
Without offence, be pleas'd but to afford
Me give you my true figure, do not scorn
My age, nor think, cause I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use, 'tis my sharper breath
Doe's purge grosse exhalations from the earth;
My frosts and snows do purifie the air
From choking foggs, makes the skie clear and fair:
And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet I am warm in bounteous charitie;
And can, my Lord, by grave and sage advice,
Bring you toth' happie shades of Paradice.

Ray. That wonder; Oh! can you bring me thither?

Wint. I can direct and point you out a path:

Hu. But where's the guide?
Quicken thy spirits, *Raybright*, I'le not leave thee,
Wee'l run the self same race again, that happinesse
These lazie, sleeping, tedious winters nights
Becom not noble action.

Ray To the *Spring*. *Recorders.*
I am resolv'd——Oh! what strange light appears;
The *Sun* is up sure. *The Sun above.*

Sun. Wanton Darling look, and worship with amazement.
Oes! gracious Lord.

Sun

Sun. Thy ſands are numbred, and thy glaſſe of frailtie
Here runs out to the laſt; here in this mirror
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes;
The ſeaſon of the *Spring* dawns like the Morning,
Bedewing *Childhood* with unreliſh'd beauties
Of gawdie ſights; the *Summer*, as the Noon,
Shines in delight of *Youth*, and ripens ſtrength
To *Autumns Manhood*, here the Evening grows,
And knits up all felicitie in follie;
Winter at laſt draws on the Night of Age;
Yet ſtill a humor of ſom novel fancie
Untaſted, or untry'd, puts off the minute
Of reſolution, which ſhould bid farewel
To a vain world of wearineſſe and ſorrows.
The powers from whom man do's derive his pedigree
Of his creation, with a roial bountie
Give him health, youth, delight for free attendants
To rectifie his carriage: to be thankful
Again to them, Man ſhould caſheer his riots,
His boſom whoriſh ſweet-heart, idle Humor;
His Reaſons dangerous ſeducer, Follie; then ſhall
Like four ſtreight pillars, the four Elements
Support the goodly ſtructure of mortalitie;
Then ſhall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, ſtreaming in his bodie,
Nouriſh and comfort every vein and ſinew.
No ſickneſſe of contagion, no grim death
Of deprivation of h alths real bleſſings
Shall then affright the creature built by heaven,
Reſerv'd to immortalitie, henceforth
In peace go to our Altars, and no more
Queſtion the power of ſupernal greatneſſe,
But give us leav to govern as wee pleaſe
Nature, and her dominion, who from us,
And from our gracious influence, hath both being
And preſervation; no replies but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him;
Heavens power above him, his own peace within him.

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